

A N
E L E G Y
O N

The Death of Mr. *Jo. Poe*, who unfortunately departed this Life at *Kilmainham Gallows*, *October the 20th. 1725.* with a Concise Character of his Life, &c. Written the Day before his Execution.

JUST Heaven at length, indulgent to Mankind,
With hellish Tortures wracks my guilty Mind;
My *informing Tongue* now damn's my guilty Brain
Which urg'd my Hands to sink my Soul for Gain.
My Sentence is pronounc'd, my Doom is sign'd,
A stinging Conscience wracks my guilty Mind.
Of all my past Offences I deplore,
For in a Moment *P O E* will be no more:
Therefore as Warning to all those inclin'd,
Such Crimes to practice, and torment Mankind;
A brief Account of my past Life I'll give,
And speak the Motives urg'd me so to live:
Hybernia's Ile claims my *unhappy* Birth,
Fortune's great Favoutite once, tho' now her Mirth;
I whom she rais'd to Grandeur, now must fall
To Man's Rage a Victim, and a scorn to all.
Next Heaven's great Will, Ambition did me sway,
And pointed out, I thought, a pleasing Way:
One Day, but may that Day ne'er more appear,
Let Night obscure it in the coming Year
With other Friends I went that Fatal Day
Big with ambitious Thoughts, and Hopes to pay
My pressing Creditors; my Fame regain,
And all my antient Splendour to maintain.
The *Crime* for which I suffer is well known,
I rob'd with Friends tho' suffer now alone.
To my declining Age I now am come,
A Protestant, die free from Church of ROME.

E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this Stone *unhappy Poe's* intomb'd,
'Twas his Ambition that to Death him doom'd.
In vain he strove his Fortune for to raise,
Ambitious Thoughts shortn'd his mortal Days:
To falsest Friends he ever true did prove,
His Life he sacrific'd to friendship's Love.